



NOW THEN.

TOM DENNEY. PEAK OIL. TALLEST MAN ON EARTH.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 24. FREE.



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OF NOW THEN MAGAZINE. ENJOY THE READ.

EDITORIAL.

The gut-wrenchingly gory artwork you were just confronted
with was created by none other than California's Mr Thomas A.
Denney, our pick of the bunch this issue. Continue at your own
risk.

This month we cover recycling, council budget slashings, peak
oil, STDs and culture jamming, as well as the usual poetry, satire,
music and film reviews and an interview with Swedish singer
songwriter the Tallest Man on Earth.

Get down to the Forum on 7th March for our launch party,
featuring the Big Eyes Family Players, Bell Hagg Orkestar and
Lazy Tree Surgeons. Thanks to everyone for coming last month,
it was a corker.

Meanwhile, we're getting ready for our second birthday next
month. The terrible twos...what could happen?

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK:

REFUSE, RECOVER, RECYCLE.

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IN TRUE GLOSSY MAGAZINE STYLE, IT'S TIME TO START WRITING ABOUT SPRING CLEANING. LIKE ME YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHETHER TO GET RID OF THAT IMITATION BRASS STATUE OF A MONKEY. READ ON FOR USEFUL INFORMATION ON HOW TO DO THIS AND HOW TO BENEFIT FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S CLEAROUTS.

Folks across the world are giving stuff away using online Yahoo groups. It's better than a trip to the landfill site and it might throw a second-hand spanner into the crazy consumer capitalist system. Well, maybe. The idea's called Freecycle, but last year an anti-American revolution rocked the gentle hippy world of freecycling. British groups felt that any suggestions for local variations were being blocked with the response from the US founders of "just stick with the program". In fact some organisers who asked for changes were expelled. As a result the former director of UK Freecycle and other British volunteers launched an alternative scheme on Friday 11th September 2009. (Is that 9-11? No irony intended?). A large chunk of former Freecycle groups joined Freegle (it means Free Giving, Locally, Easily, apparently.) There are probably about 2 million people in the UK using these two networks.

Sheffield was the second Freecycle group set up in the UK in 2003 and it split into two parts last year. That's a long story, but the situation is now that the city is served by a Freegle and a Freecycle group. With it so far? It means that you can offer your old stuff and receive emails from anyone interested who will (but only if you agree) come and take it away. A bit like match.com for secondhand fans. You can also place "wanted" notices. These may get you a fax machine or a pair of wellies, but obviously "old gold jewellery wanted" isn't going to get you much further than an investigation on Watchdog. It's good for hard-to-find stuff. I once got a washer door from a nice chap in Walkley.

Freegle is getting larger by the day and was awarded the 2009 Green Web Award for Online Campaigns. It's always on the lookout for new moderators (who check messages) if you fancy a bit of voluntary spare time work. Sheffield Freegle people attend events to promote the group with free 'give and take' stalls, so if you know of any community fayres, why not invite them?

When you've got rid of your brass monkeys and there's only the bulky stuff to go, how about the council? You may be surprised to find that they charge for collection - but to be fair, their website is full of links to recycling schemes that would love your old furniture. One of these is the excellent St Vincent's Furniture Store, which has been recycling donated furniture and stuff to disadvantaged individuals and families, homeless and destitute people, refugees and ex-offenders, since 1987. It's a Christian organisation but it respects religious liberty and tackles grass roots poverty. Even Jesus couldn't say fairer than that.

Another is Cot-Age, a cheesy name for a mature scheme that specialises in wood stuff like refurbishing nursery furniture and child safety equipment. Its volunteer workshop trains and shares best practice on recycling and accident prevention.

Sofa, so good, but what if you need a good sit down and your settee's like a threadbare teddy? Eco Sofas is a little gem of a Sheffield business, busily doing its bit to save the world's resources through re-upholstering. With a small team and a wealth of experience, they recycle as much waste as possible and give new life to your old three-piece.

So that's a quick look at the re-use side of recycling. Out with the old, in with the old. And don't forget, there are plenty more helpful links on the Alt-Sheff website, Sheffield's guide to radical, co-operative, not-for-profit and ethical organisations.

Sheffield Freecycle: groups.yahoo.com/group/SheffieldCity-Freecycle
Sheffield Freegle: groups.yahoo.com/group/Sheffield-Freegle
Rotherham Freegle: groups.yahoo.com/group/Rotherham_Freegle
St Vincent's Furniture Store: svpfurniturestoresheffield.org.uk
Cot-Age Child Safety: cot-age.org.uk
Eco Sofas: ecosofas.web.officelive.com
Alt-Sheff: alt-sheff.co.uk

COUNCIL AXE.

WHO'S FOR THE CHOP?

SHEFFIELD COUNCIL GETS AROUND A BILLION QUID TO SPEND EVERY YEAR FROM THE GOVERNMENT, BUT THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO COVER THE RISING COSTS OF STUFF IT NEEDS TO BUY. A SHINY NEW PM COULD EVEN CUT THE GOVERNMENT GRANT AND THAT COULD MEAN REALLY BAD DEBT. NOT JUST THE BILLION OR SO CURRENTLY OWED BY THE COUNCIL (APPARENTLY THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM). CUTS WOULD MEAN THE SORT OF DEBT THAT COMES ROUND LOOKING FOR YOUR GOLD FILLINGS AND ASSESSING THE CASH VALUE OF INTERNAL ORGANS.

In preparation for avoiding this really bad debt, every Council service was asked to look at what kind of service they could provide with a cut of 10% to their budget. Most of them responded "pretty shit actually". But despite this, a few are to get hammered. To have a look at the future of Council services, you just have to go through all 400 pages of the budget report page by page and see what got the chop. Don't worry dear reader, I've done it for you. Here's the Council Axe top five:

At 5: It's those quiet librarians - eight of them are being chucked out on the streets for a tip top saving of £300k. Those tears will just get the books wet anyway, you mousey little things.

At 4: Talking of mousey little things - Rats Are Back! That's right, you'll now be charged if you want pest control to rid you of rats. Previously free, now £35 quid. But have you seen Ratatouille? Never mind killing 'em - keep a load in your kitchen and you'll be eating quality food forever. No more take-aways and they'll clean up crumbs nicely.

At 3: Burst sewer pipe? Bust drain? Don't call the council you muppet, they just lost four staff and shut that department. Get a lifeguard seat and charge entry to the "pool of wonder". Free mystery prizes for all. Mmm...floaters.

At 2: Are you a voluntary group looking after your local park? Do you want some help getting funding or money for green spaces from developers or the Government? Tough. That department has been cut by a third. Go do some weeding you scroungers.

At 1: Kids - worried about going into the newsagent for a packet of super-strength? Worry no more - in support of irresponsible retailers, four staff are being "let go" from the pesky Responsible Retailing Service. Never mind the three Rs, it's the three Sesses - smoking, sniffing, and shhhh I'm listening to the pink elephants sing, whoooooooooo.

Some of these cuts are a result of the downturn, as those parts of the Council that usually make money stagnate. If it seems harsh to fire people when it's likely things will be looking up again in a few months, it is. As former employees are on the streets with their bijou match selling business, a bunch of newbies will need to be bussed in. A better alternative would be offering to keep people on if everybody agrees to work a day less a week. Or just allowing them to bugger off for a month. Work a bit, chill out a bit, work a bit, chill out a bit.

Besides, for every job the Council cuts, it means someone looking for work in the middle of a recession. Someone who is not going to pay taxes, someone who is going to be claiming benefits. In other words, it is likely to cost the state nearly as much to fire them as it did to employ them. Nice work. On the plus side, a few members of the senior management are joining the dole queue as well, although they likely have an executive dole queue with bigger seats, free cigars and massage.

Council Axe is also about to join the dole queue. This article is being cut for reasons of efficiency. It's not that there isn't still stuff to write about, but it would just be going in circles. This duplication will be avoided by redirecting resources to other stuff. So here's what it's all been about:

Most of the services you get from the Council will still be there after this round of cuts. Millions are being invested in stuff like activities for kids, giving little Jonny something to do in the holidays so his mum can have a rest. For a lot of kids it shows them someone cares, or stops mum from going barmy at least. Caring is what a lot of it is about. Caring for people with learning disabilities so they can get a job they like, caring for the elderly so they can have a decent quality of life, caring for kids who have been ditched by their parents, caring for the flowers at the end of the road. Caring costs but it means more jobs and less money spent on prisons or hospitals in the long run.

The Council is just a group of people deciding how to make it work: eighty-four councillors talking to a couple of hundred senior staff and admin, then nineteen thousand council staff plus Sheffield Homes and Kier and Capita and the rest. A lot of those people are sorting out services for others. A few fuck it up every now and again, a few are along for the ride, but most do a decent job. It ain't perfect but it's got potential. Now the big hand of cuts is coming down and everything might get squashed. That's where you come in.

If you are involved with cool stuff that is happening in our beautiful city, take a look at the Council. They've got money, they've got power, they've got skills, they're worth talking with, arguing with, lobbying, because what they have is ours and it should be put towards good stuff.

If ten or so friends decided to give their spare time to helping someone become a councillor - maybe in a political party, maybe not - in a year or two a ward could be theirs. It's been done by smaller political parties. Once in, a councillor can really have an impact because it isn't just about where votes go in the big meetings, but the talking and the ideas, the questioning of Council bigwigs about where the money is going and how things are done. It wouldn't be easy and it takes a lot of work, both in getting elected and being a decent councillor to those who elected you, but pretty soon you might have some kind of revolution on your hands.

In a couple of months there are going to be elections for Council, along with Government. Many of the poorest people in the city, hundreds of voluntary organisations, the buildings and environment around us - so much depends on getting people in there who will do the right thing. Have a look at the parties and who is standing. If you think things need shaking up, then vote for someone you think might shake things up: a different voice in the corridors of power. Even if they don't get in this time they will take heart that people out there agree things need to change.

And if you think things don't need to change, if everything is going OK, then just close your eyes and let the axe fall...

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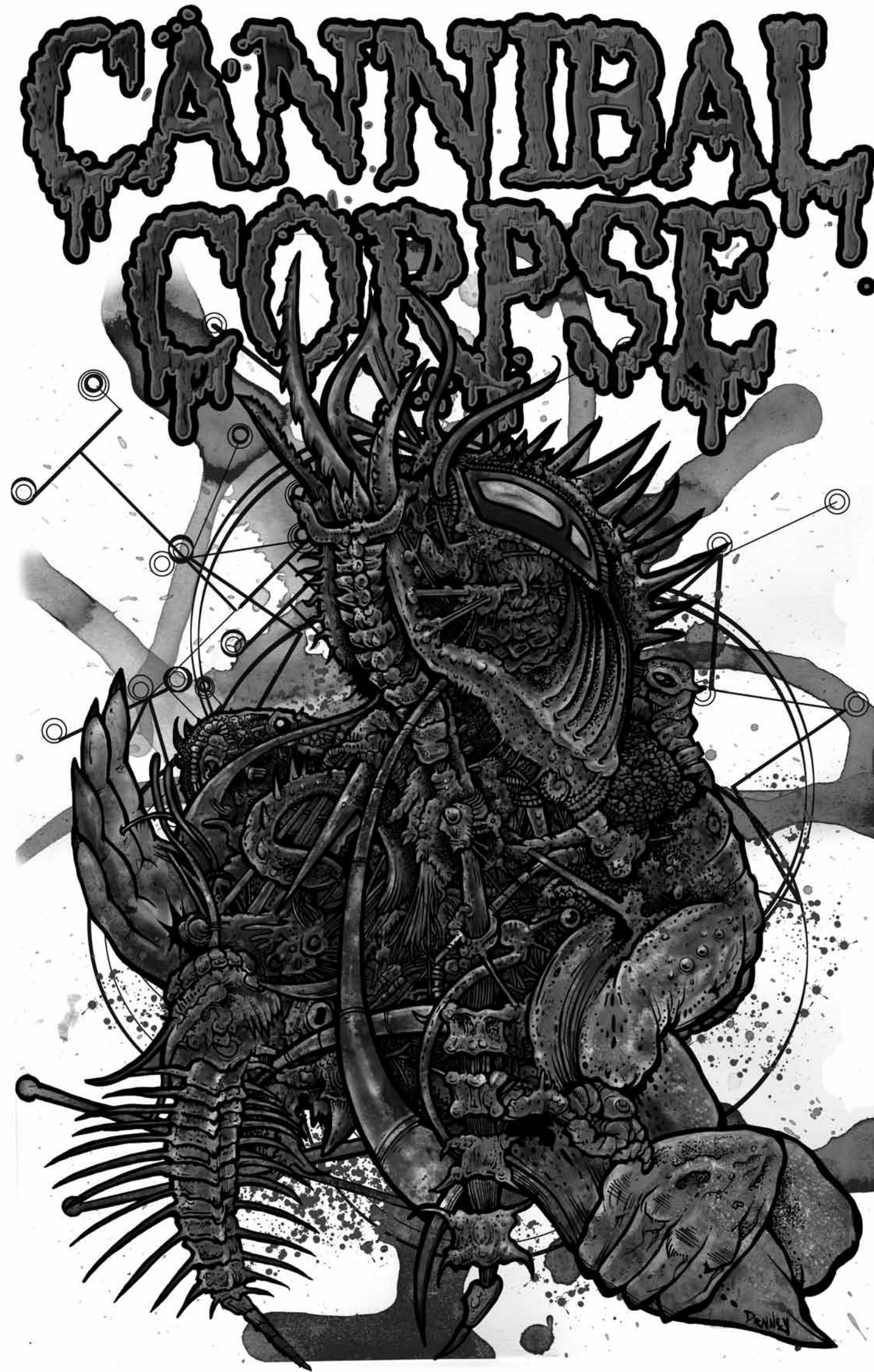
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TRANSITION TOWNS.

PEAK OIL AND WHAT YOU CAN DO.

OLLY GALVIN.

WHEN THERE IS LESS OF EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD, HOW WILL WE ALL LIVE TOGETHER?

According to the theory of peak oil, we are about to run out of the cheap, easily available, oil on which our entire way of life is based.

The first half of the oil from an oilfield is cheap and easy to extract thanks to technologies developed for this purpose and the high quality of the oil. Once this watershed mark is passed, however, the oil becomes harder and more expensive to extract. When it takes the equivalent energy of one barrel of oil to extract one barrel of oil from the earth, oil production will stop. Without it, how will supermarkets be able to keep their shelves full of identical vegetables and plastic-wrapped pre-formed pies? How will you get to work? Light and heat your house? Without oil, we will not be able to resurface our roads or make the plastic that is clogging up our world. There will be no more transport, detergents, paints, dyes, photographic film, synthetic clothes, rubber or painkillers. After all, our country has recently engaged in wars in the Middle East to try to consolidate our supplies of oil.

The Transition Network was formed to lessen the impact of the peak oil crisis by reducing a community's dependence on oil, making our lifestyles more sustainable and less damaging to the earth on which we rely for our very existence.

When the peak of oil production is reached, our culture will be irrevocably changed by an increasing scarcity of oil. But what if we begin to kick this oil addiction now? For example, instead of buying food from supermarkets that is imported from the other side of the county, or even the world, we could buy food from allotments and farms within the local area. This would not only do away with the pesticides used in the mass agriculture that is destroying our countryside, but it would also massively reduce the pollution involved in the transportation of the food produced by such farming methods. This would support producers in your local community by giving them the market that the supermarkets have monopolised, thereby giving them more control over their prices and produce instead of being told what to do by bully-boy corporations. This would help reinvigorate the local businesses that have been struggling or closing down while corporations move in and monopolise trade in the communities. More jobs would be generated in the local area, so people could walk, cycle or catch the bus to work, reducing pollution and congestion.

More employment and independent trade within the community would boost the local economy as corporate businesses wouldn't be taking their huge profits out of the area, resulting in its impoverishment. This would mean that the inhabitants of communities would have a greater say over what goes on in their communities, devolving power to the residents. A stronger sense of community would encourage people to find ways to help each other, taking the first steps towards creating a mutually beneficial cooperative community. Solar panels, wind turbines and hydro-electricity could produce more than enough electricity for local communities.

Transition initiatives are focused on helping communities move towards these more sustainable ways of living.

There are currently Transition initiatives in place for the Porter Valley; Heeley and Meersbrook; Nether Edge and Sharrow; Crookes and Walkley; and Burngreave. If you don't live in an area covered by these Initiatives, the Transition Network can provide you with all the help you need to set up your own. I recently got involved with Transition Porter Valley. Cooperating with the Hangingwater Allotment Association, we are clearing a neglected allotment to create a community orchard, which will eventually create a natural habitat for wildlife, lots of apples and cider! The initiative is promoting a 'walking bus' for school children to walk to school, and alternative sources of energy. There are also plans for an allotment-share project, where people who want an allotment can help those who find their allotments to be too much work for a cut of the produce. Other events involving Transition Town Sheffield include bring-and-share suppers; a wide range of talks and workshops concerned with sustainability within communities, such as the Community Supported Agriculture programme; projects for Climate Action Day; seed swap events; and a series of film showings around the city, designed to inform and inspire others to get involved.

What really excites me about Transition Towns is what comes out of the attempts to avoid being hit by the peak oil crisis; individual and community empowerment, more ecologically and environmentally sound sources of power and more self-sustainable communities. All these things are moves against the insipid corporate monoculture that is continually thrusting itself on our land, our culture, our communities and our psyches. I believe that all these things are an important part of the struggle for our selves and our freedom.

Stop shopping at Tesco and get involved!

transitionsheffield.org.uk



OFF DOWN'T CLINIC.

GETTING CHECKED.

DAN HOBSON.

GETTING A SEXUAL HEALTH CHECK CAN, FOR SOME PEOPLE, SUMMON UP VERY BAD IMAGERY INDEED: WHETHER IT'S THE THOUGHT OF HANNIBAL LECTER STYLED IMPLEMENTS ENTERING YOUR HIGHLY SENSITIVE AREAS, OR SURLY NURSES TUTTING IN DISBELIEF AS YOU EXPLAIN YOUR SEXUAL HISTORY. IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY MANY ARE SCARED OFF.

But perhaps things have changed. Considering that over the last few years our government has spent more money on sexual health screening than Miss Lohan has spent on handbags and Columbia's chief export, I hoped so.

It had been a while since I was last checked, and considering infections such as herpes, HIV and syphilis may take up to several months to register on a test anyway, I had a big question mark over how clean I actually was. Not a pleasant thought, but you have to be realistic; I am single and I fully utilise the freedom this offers me.

In this respect I am not alone. I believe this generation must be one of the wildest, most promiscuous, liberally-minded mix bag of a generation there's ever been. Long gone are the days when most people settle down in their early twenties and build a solid, stable future. Not likely. The majority of people I know breeze through years of education, student loans, overdrafts, casual jobs, casual sex, gap years, club nights, chemical indulgence and quests of self discovery. They might start a career in their late twenties, but probably won't consider any level of domestication until their early thirties, at least.

Sounds great, but every pleasure seeker pays the price from time to time. For me, encounters that seemed (and indeed were) mind-blowing a few months ago had come back with a vengeance to balance the karma scales. The grapevine had collapsed with scandalous rumours and word round the campfire was, erm, that the fire had fizzled out because everyone was too busy figuring out who'd shagged who when.

It's not surprising that there's been a steady rise in STD diagnosis over the last decade. The UK's Health Protection Agency partly attributes this rise to the fact that more people are getting tested, and the testing methods have improved. However, cases of chlamydia have more than doubled over the last decade. So it seems that silent, symptomless bouts of 'the clap' continue to elude a countless number of unsuspecting people, even at this very moment.

Feeling paranoid yet? Me too. Not to worry though - for any concerned readers who don't know how easy it is to get checked in Sheffield, let me assure you - it could not be easier. Visit sheffield.nhs.uk and you can find all the information you'll need.

However, the easiest thing for you to do is head down to the drop in centre, located behind TJ Hughes, near the Crucible. It is open Monday to Friday from 8.30am - 11.00am and 12.30pm - 3.00pm, and offers a full screening for those prepared to wait to see a nurse.

This is exactly what I did. Upon locating the clinic I caught the lift to the second floor and explained to the receptionist that I was there for a full check-up. I then took a seat with an equally concerned friend of mine and waited for my name to be called. To distract myself I concentrated on the assortment of brightly coloured posters covering the walls, offering advice on contraception and worrying statistics on STDs. After reading in bold, colourful text that 1 in 10 people aged 18-24 have chlamydia, I was now utterly convinced the laws of probability were stacked against me. After a while my name was called. I was asked a few questions about my recent sexual behaviour and whether I had any symptoms. As I didn't, there was no need to drop the trousers, and it would be as simple as a blood test, a urine sample and a wait of 7-10 days for the result. For those people just after a chlamydia test, though, it gets even easier. You can simply head down to the clinic, pick up a screening pack, fill the pot up in their toilet, complete the accompanying form and post it into a box in reception. No queues, no questions, no hassle at all.

Maybe the government are on the right track. Either way, sexual infection is not to be ignored, and considering how easy it is for young people to be tested and treated, I think it's time to forget Gaz's bar room horror stories and take full advantage of the services available to us.

What's the worst that could happen? Obviously, if your reproductive organ looks akin to last week's cauliflower on the compost heap, then yes, things could be tricky. But for most symptomless people getting a check, if anything it will be the clap. If this is the case, then aside from a few awkward phone calls and a week with no sex, all you have to do is take four pills at the clinic and hey presto; you're clean as a whistle.

Doesn't sound too bad, right? We shall see. As I write this it's been around a week since I was tested so I'm expecting the call anytime now with the news. Wish me luck...

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JAMES LOCK.

OVER THE WEEKEND OF THE 15TH FEBRUARY 2003, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ACROSS THE WORLD GATHERED IN PROTEST OVER THE IMMINENT INVASION OF IRAQ. THERE WERE PROTESTS IN OVER 800 CITIES IN 60 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES ACROSS THE WORLD. THE LARGEST IN ROME INVOLVED SOME 3 MILLION PEOPLE.

As a young attendee of the London protest, a mere 1.5 million strong, I remember a feeling of hope in this liberal consensus, a hope born out of a collective and demonstrated viewpoint. Side by side, banner by banner etc. Sadly what I now perceive is a younger self, duped by a kind of collective and vain naivety. Surely when the masses make themselves known, the masses govern policy...

Protest marching as a process through which democracy can be achieved, represented, understood and integrated into governmental policy is a laughable concept to many of us now. Why?

Simply because it does not work. It is ignored. It does not achieve tangible change in governmental policy, as evidenced by the multitude of causes and recent protests. That new motorway will go ahead, that Tesco superstore will get built eventually and that oil will be ours. Conversely, you will be ignored, you will be purported as a raving Marxist or worse, as commodified entertainment for people who have been led to believe the word 'choice' is more a metaphor for a dual carriageway than a cross roads.

Enter culture jamming, a form of subversive protest that for me provides at least some alternative to standing in a crowd, in your designated area, at the designated time, to be ignored by the designated few. Wikipedia defines culture jamming as the following:

'Culture jamming, a tactic used by many consumer social movements, is a mechanism in which an activist attempts to disrupt or subvert mainstream cultural institutions or corporate advertising. Culture jamming is often seen as a form of subvertising. Many culture jams are simply aimed at exposing questionable political assumptions behind commercial culture so that people can momentarily consider the branded environment in which they live.'

Sounds pretty good dunnit?

But culture jamming is not a new concept. It has been a running theme of activism and the arts in particular since the early 80s, with well-known graffiti from the likes of Arofish, Bask and Banksy, and projects such as Ad Busters. Next to this article are some examples that have crossed my radar in recent years, should you be interested in subversion, meaningful protest, performance art and societal change.

One of the most interesting things about culture jamming is that it is a form of protest designed for consumer societies. In its variety of shapes and sizes culture jamming provides an avenue for protest that is not hemmed in by the traditional values of collective order, mass, time and place. To use the language of consumption from which it was born, as a product culture jamming is for the individual, open to virtually any interpretation and does not require the permission or support of a collective other. It is in many ways the perfect form of protest for the post-modern identity focused individual who seeks both self expression and definition through action.

Comparing the various modes of culture jamming with protest groups such as 'Brazil's Landless Workers Movement', who in some cases forcibly reclaimed land from multi-national farming companies, or the armed Zapatistas in Chiapas Mexico, one is left with, at first, a chilling feeling of being pampered. That in our society we do not have such 'basic' needs, that somehow our fight is somewhat less desperate, less important. This is not true.

It is not true for two very simple reasons. Firstly, even if we persuaded ourselves we wanted to, we lack the collective freedom to physically reclaim resources on that scale. Secondly, we have convinced ourselves that the quality of our lives is synonymous with what we own. And like the saying goes, 'the things you own...'

I would suggest that actually our freedom from this current version of social hegemony hangs in a far more delicate balance. Imagine my dismay then, when I realised recently that culture jamming in some of its more subversive aspects, may have been beaten at its own game; or to use the recurrent technical term, commodified. I give you Viral Marketing. A type of marketing focused on the tracing and targeting of social networks, be they in the physical world of the infamous 'Pyramid Schemes' or the online world of youtube and such like. Product association at its worst; subvertising has been turned on its head.

So, you find yourself saying things like, 'what a pickle', or perhaps even 'what a shit heap this situation is...' which it is, but that observation is not terribly useful given the relative urgency of the situation. If our society in its structural makeup inherently prevents or commodifies meaningful protest then how does one affect meaningful change, how does one protest?

I believe the answer has always been in front of us. To borrow a phrase from much loved band Gogol Bordello, 'think locally, fuck globally.' Our ability to affect society around us has always been at our finger tips, literally at our front door. In its essence change is less about how we act, but where we must act and what for; and the answer has always been the same, our locality, our community.

This is not self interest, but picking the fight you can win. Working from the ground up to change your immediate environment, be that family, interest group, village, city or town. In Sheffield that could mean touching base once in a while with your local community assembly, it means supporting the independent businesses that form your local economy and it means, to borrow yet another phrase, 'build your own ark' when you want to change something.

If you'd like to find out more information about similar topics please check out the links below:

sheffield.gov.uk/in-your-area/community-assemblies

alt-sheff.co.uk

transitionsheffield.org.uk

zapatistarevolution.com

mstbrazil.org

paulkingsnorth.net

REVEREND BILLY AND THE CHURCH OF LIFE AFTER SHOPPING.

revbilly.com

This is an activist performance group based in New York City led by Reverend Billy himself or Bill Talen (when out of character). Using the form of a Christian revival meeting, on sidewalks and in chain stores, Reverend Billy and his gospel choir exhort consumers to abandon the products of large corporations and mass media. This type of street theatre aims to 'preach' a broader message concerning the ills of rampant consumerism and sweatshop production. Rev Billy recently visited Westfield shopping centre in London and was promptly thrown out. Well worth a watch online.

BREATHING PLANET - WHIRL MART RESISTANCE.

breathingplanet.net/whirl

Whirl Mart has to be one of my favourites. Described as 'art in action' the event consists of a group of supposed shoppers who congregate at large superstores and slowly push empty shopping carts silently through store aisles. Participants will not purchase anything and seek to form a lengthy chain of non-shoppers, continually weaving and 'whirling' through a maze of store aisles for up to an hour at a time. Abstractly this is about reclaiming public space that is currently only used for buying or selling. It is also a bit of fun poking at the absurdity of the shopping process.

THE BIOTIC BAKING BRIGADE.

whisperedmedia.org/piepage.html

Fermenting a more balls out approach to culture jamming and activism as a whole, the Biotic Baking Brigade have been operating since the late 70s and are a loosely organised anarchic collective with cells in countries and cities all over the world. In their own words the Biotic Baking Brigade "want to give people who are so overwhelmed by the terror of modern life the opportunity to laugh in the face of people who are destroying us," (said a brigade member who would identify himself only as Agent Apple.) The list of people who have been pied in public is extensive - a personal favourite would have to be Peter Mandelson, pied March 6th 2009.

ADBUSTERS.

adbusters.org

Probably one of the most famous of all the Cultural Jamming groups around, AdBusters is a global network of artists, activists, writers and pranksters who want to advance the social activist movement of the present. They produce a magazine which covers a range of philosophy, politics and satire, a lot of which focuses around the subversive nature of corporate advertising and branding.

I recommend the spoof ads section on their website.



WILLIAM AND JISPERS.

Williams’s day started as usual, fifteen minutes sat at Morrison’s bus stop waiting for a henry. Back in his bedsit he stared at the pouting bag of skunk. After seven years of smoking he was beginning to realise the direct link between his smoking habit and his continual reliance on potential. If William was anything it was not concrete. This was evident when one considered his achievements, which although quite adventurous in scale never caught the public’s imagination.

In William’s eyes his greatest accomplishment was to enter what he referred to as the ‘non game state’, in which his mind was freed from the shackles of conscious thought to explore the next level of possible abstract conception. This didn’t really translate well onto a CV however and this left William unemployed staring at a bag of skunk in his bedsit. His second greatest achievement was accomplished whilst at a house party in the suburb of Wyken, Coventry in November 2005:

He stood alone, tooting on an embassy number one. Watching his smoky breath float into the ether. At thirds he flicked the cigarette towards the B & Q weatherproofed fence. He started to turn towards the white plastic patio doorway before pausing to notice that his cigarette had stuck itself beef end to the fence and was protruding horizontally whilst continuing to burn. William went over and kneeled next to the small nicotine based miracle. He examined the scene with columbo-esque pseudo-sluethism. It fell off. William went back inside. This was William’s second greatest achievement.

He stared at the skunk and thought of his greatest achievements. William truly believed he had been born four hundred years too soon. He knew he could accomplish anything he wished, and sat at home doing nothing safe in this knowledge. He flicked through the digital free view channels. Hegemony, ideology, consensus, imagined collective consciousness. Nowhere near the power of collective consciousness he imagined and predicted. He stared at the weed.

This ritual of trying to vaguely engage his powerful brain in some way to delay the mind numbing event that was a skunk spliff was now a regular occurrence. He didn’t really want to turn his mind off, but that’s generally what happens when you turn on the television and spark a biffa. In about two and a half minutes William’s mind would only symbolise thought. He rolled the joint and enjoyed the buzzy feeling he got before the green smog descended over his creative juices. As he rolled he thought about his alternate existence in a parallel universe in which he had researched his discoveries and published his results to much critical acclaim. He also contemplated another alternate William sat in the Jet garage down the road. Taking shit from chav’s and also taking nectar points from the local superstore. He sparked his zoot happy that relative to these other realities he was average. He smoked.

Jispers was still in the microwave from last night and that made William smile. William was proud to say he was responsible enough to admit he wasn’t responsible. Therefore he had decided on an imaginary cat over a real one, cheaper and more fun. William understood that to say he was irresponsible was to admit he had been institutionalised by both drugs and society. He smoked over to the microwave and released Jispers.

William and Jispers’ problems were perfect binary reflections. William was real and finite and desperately wished to transcend into the immeasurable unknown, however feared an existence beyond the relative comfort of chemical intoxication. Jispers on the other hand was surreal and infinite and would never be categorized as firstly being and secondly being a cat unless he became a little more tangible. Jispers understood that if William was to ever succeed in his goal of transcendence Jispers would cease to exist, as the only place he was real in any way was in William’s imagination, and that imagination would not exist if William did not. Jispers was happy that transcendence was a pipe dream for William as long as he was getting stoned, although he did note that his role as imaginary cat had been diminishing along with the rest of William’s imagination over the years.

William was stoned. Jispers fell asleep.

JOSEPH TUCKER.

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EUROPE AFTER THE RAIN.

Let blaze the colour of our souls,
Let our eye for beauty impact
on pavements,
in persons.
As Rain
or Tear
drops
Alike.

JAMES LOCK.



SINGULARITY.

on a grey and
gravelly beach
as pitted clouds
crawl overhead
you set your bucket
on the sand
and race towards
a charcoal sea

and here am I
in shorts and shirt
my mouth half open
my knees half bent
an ammonite
coiled in my hand
stood toe to toe
with finite me

your salty hand
slides into mine
we sit together
and for a time
the white gulls croak
the white gulls sing
white gulls sing
so solemnly

as water breaks
folds over top
and falls back in
upon itself
the fossils form
so thick and fast
so deep in
febrile gravity

no foreign sea
no lock of weed
no solemn gulls
no grain of sand
no ragged cliff
nor salty hand
no earthly thing
can follow me

more suited to
a sunlit beach
my shorts seem grim
and out of place
as pitted clouds
form overhead
we race towards
the nascent sea

JAMES ROOME.

WORDLIFE.

SHEFFIELD POETICS.

COLLATED AND EDITED BY JOE KRISS.

KOO-KOO HOUSE.

I heard he had come undone,
a frayed consciousness
splitting hairs, words and fears
across all of London town.

A drum beat skipping sense,
and sending trails
of fraught urgency
he couldn't place.

A host of poisoned questions
chasing down
that sly smile, and dirty laugh
that had always made me grin.

I knew when
They were in his eyes,
I could see them
through the pupils
trying to split them in two.

But If they want you,
they’re gunna have to fight me.
Over-power the day we spent making laser guns
out of kinder eggs, chalk and a lighter.
Tape over the memory of our ill conceived
pubescent punk band and
The years that passed
encased in laughter
that brought the sun to our knees
and snow to our palms.

If they want you
Well they’re gunna have to fight me.
But I don't have the tools
to make sense real for him.

And then suddenly on
The karoake night I spent in
A Pysche Ward, he wrestled the day
from tragi-comedy
and emerged mended,
the same man that used to throw
me a pun and frame it
with giggling.

I cant tell you how relieved I was
to be sitting in his living room a month later
drinking tea
laughing at Richard Whitely
announcing the winner of Countdown's 9 letter conundrum
David May from Huddersfield was right,
It was 'Sectioned'.

And he turned to me, smiling,
saying If I was still crazy,
I'd think the tv was talking to me.
And I thought;

Hello again, Old friend.

JOE KRISS.

27b/6.

TOO COOL FOR SCHOOL.

27BSLASH6.COM

SOMETIMES I CANNOT WORK OUT MY OFFSPRING. ONE MOMENT HE WILL STATE SOMETHING THAT CATCHES ME OFF GUARD WITH ITS CLARITY, THEN THE NEXT COME OUT WITH SOMETHING THAT CAUSES ME TO THINK HE MAY BE MENTALLY HANDICAPPED.

Money - "If I had a million dollars I would buy a house with big robot legs."

After paying \$7.50 for a coffee - "We should open up a shop next to that one, buy their coffees and sell them from our shop for a dollar more."

Our four door Mazda sedan - "We should paint flames on the side. Girls like cars with flames on the side. You will never get a girlfriend in a car that looks like this."

DVD rental prices - "It makes no sense, this one is four dollars for a whole week and this one is six dollars for one night. It is backwards. Someone should tell them."

After being offered a yoghurt sample in a supermarket - "She was nice, you should ask her to be your girlfriend before someone else does."

Paying for petrol - "Leaves burn, why can't we just fill our car up with them? They are free."

On being asked by a lady in an elevator what he wants to be when he grows up - "Either a model or a police sniper."

Girls - "You can't trust girls. When I get a girlfriend I am not going to tell her where I live or work."

On being told his minibike had been stolen - "I hope they are riding it and the petrol tank blows up and their legs and arms get blown off and when they are in the hospital they think 'I really wish I hadn't stolen that motorbike'."

The supermarket - "If they made the aisles wider we could drive our car in and grab things through the window and pay on the way out like at McDonalds."

Regarding me being upset over a breakup - "She was ugly and fat anyway, I don't even know how you could kiss her."

Explaining the Playstation game Grand Theft Auto 4 to his grandmother - "I don't shoot everybody, just the drug dealers and hookers."

2001: A Space Odyssey - "This movie is so boring. I would rather be staring at the wall and holding my breath for two hours."

Static electricity - "If I am standing on carpet and I get electrocuted, does everybody in the room die apart from me?"

Being told that the park belongs to everybody - "We should buy a fence and make people pay us two dollars to get in."

Relationships - "I am going to have seven girlfriends when I get older so that I can be with a different one every day and then start again on Mondays."

Swimming - "If you swim in the sea then you should always go swimming with a fat girl because sharks will go for them first."

Shoplifting - "If we went into a shop and I put a stereo on and danced, you could run out with a different stereo while everyone is looking at me."

On cleaning up - "It will just get messy again. I like it like this. It shows we have better things to do than cleaning."

Marriage - "If you get married, do you have to let your wife look at your penis?"

Super Powers - "If I could have only one super power it would be to breathe in space."

On having homosexuality explained - "That's gross. Not the bit about girls kissing girls though, that's pretty good."

School - "I don't understand why I have to go to school at all - the internet knows more than all the teachers there put together."

Religion - "If I was god I would make all the girls in the world wear no clothes."

Hygiene - "You should never wash your hands because then you will have more germs than everything else and germs won't go on you because there is no room."



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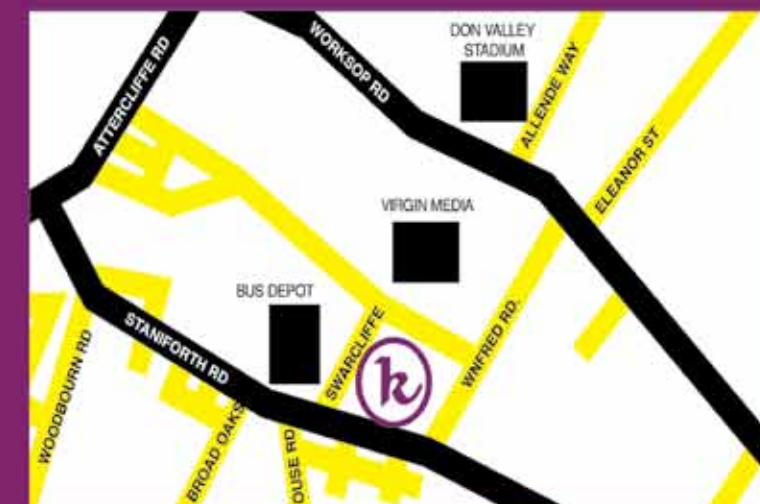
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GEOMETRIC GRAPHIC GORE.
INTERVIEW BY MATT JONES.

TOM DENNEY.

NT. BASICS, PLEASE - WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

I first wanted to draw comic books and cartoons. The ability to tell stories with pictures captured my attention when I was about three or four. My earliest doodles catalogue my battle with understanding anatomy and learning how to draw a somewhat human form. I had to get good in order for people to take my stories seriously. I spent 14 years studying and practicing, learning how to ink and color by creating characters via copying the early 80s comic book style of the time. I would do about 15 pages and staple them together to show to school mates and test public opinion. It took years before I got just barely good enough to convey a legible storyline. The pursuit of comic book creation continued all the way through college with a renegade print run of the elicit GRANDPAS LAP pirate commix, which made a big splash around town. This was always intended to be a stepping stone towards animation.

NT. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

It is extremely involved. I pencil, then ink, then scan. This is the easy part. There is a longer, more in depth preliminary aspect where I need to first imagine the image, or I wait until it comes to me.

NT. WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

I spend a lot of time staring at trees and clouds, sea creatures and scattered leaves. Many times dirt clots and chipped paint bring inspiration. My favorite is random flashes of completed art! It will show up in my mind quite unexpected. At times, I will become stuck creatively and suddenly be taken by the geometry of a scattered light beam across a textured surface. I will get a whole story through seeing someone stand in a particular pose, even for just one instant, but within that infinite moment of everyday inspiration I can imagine vast dimensions of potential interpretation and story line.

NT. TOOLS - WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

I use fine tip pens on smooth vellum paper. I ink over a light board. I use Dr Martins watercolor, Photoshop and Illustrator. I find it easiest to draw something by hand. I also enjoy creating video and short films, but I find the normal editing and narrative process too constraining. Painting is an evolution different to illustration, where something develops from split colors. I am driven at times to record with synthesizers and random sonic devices. My favorite is whichever takes me at the moment.

NT. WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

Music is my main influence, which started as early as I can recall. The muse fully became manifest at age 11, when I first made a conscious decision that Black Sabbath pretty much ruled and my life should only be in pursuit of its understanding and the knowing of all music that springs forth from it.

Comic books and cartoons from the late 70s and early 80s are where I must admit most of my influence comes from. If you look at a lot of my pieces, the color pallets are borrowed directly from the old Filmmation toons and original Heavy Metal and Marvel comics from '77-'84. They were doing some WILD psychedelic stuff with really intense quantum age plots that no-one can even touch these days. No exception was the marketing art for toys such as G I JOE and Transformers, which were often excessively detailed and always hand painted in bright vibrant colors. I would spend endless nights staring at these and trying to recreate them with whatever tempra or watercolors I had access to.

Once I realized that my favorite bands were in need of art for album covers, posters and T-shirts, I quickly channelled all of my illustration talents into that. I learned printing techniques, industry etiquette and business management along the way through trial and error. Probably a large emphasis on the error part.

NT. HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

My time is split between my own work and corporate gigs. I do a part-time day job designing fashion. My apparel comes in stark contrast to my most known illustrations by being simple, vibrant and very 80s in style. It is really fun to do this kind of stuff and then turn around and automate to my "darker side" of alluring diabolisms of eviscerated alien entrails with enchanted post-bohemian alchemical star babes. I love to spend all day rendering insanely small details and encoding secret messages within.

When I am not working on my freelance, I am writing new riffs for both I Klatus and Infinite Monolith of Slavery. They are two very different bands, so I will usually record new riffs into my Mac and spend an afternoon messing around with soundscapes and channelling new ideas. This process usually inspires me to create some sort of animation to go along with it. I will put out a jar of spoiled pig heart and video tape the maggots which accrue over a two-week span. I will then layer a bunch of effects on and incorporate my watercolors and drawings in some hallucinatory, highly coded way and then project the outcome behind St. Vitus in front of thousands of viewers.

NT. OUT OF YOUR RECENT WORK, WHICH PIECE HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

Probably the New I Klatus record entitled, ENDER. It has been quite a series of adventures travelling back and forth from LA to Chicago to write, record and do shows with that band. Despite setbacks and even personal losses, we forge on. No doubt it is a long journey involving a lot of extremely talented and amazing people, all lending their incredible musicianship towards the manifestation of this new record. I am very excited and looking forward to sharing the results of this with everyone very soon. In the mean time, you can check out our last record, Surveillance and Worship, at myspace.com/iklatus.

NT. HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

It is a minute to minute process that does not complete. It took me years to figure out what sort of pens to use. Finally I discovered Rapidograph and Micron pens work the best for me. A Wacom tablet also comes in handy. Understanding color and form is essential to my growth. I pay an almost nerdy respect to contrasting color and focus on light sources and shading. Consistent and correct anatomy is also something I have placed an emphasis on. I look back at my old projects from just a couple of years ago and feel like I have changed my whole approach to coloring, but I am still trying to reach a level of maturity in content and technical execution.

NT. HOW HAS ART IN GENERAL CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED?

To spare you the melodrama of an intro to Art History lecture, I will narrow it down to my favorite: comic book art. I was first drawn into the highly detailed hand-drawn work of the 70s and early 80s as I already mentioned. This also applies to Saturday morning cartoons. Something happened, people got lazy. The style changed. Now I go into comic book stores and it is all hackwork - sloppy, overstylized, dull. The cartoons are blocks of color that jump and twitch. 50 years ago the cartoons were fluid and full of life. Watch an old Looney Tunes - that is the apex of understanding and translating physical emotion through one frame drawings.

I don't know what happened. No-one seems to want to spend the time on art in the mainstream. There are very few places to find the quality of art that excites me like that of decades past. Since I started doing art professionally, there has been a large movement towards this style of highschool art - the more something looks like it came out of a 9th grader's math notebook, the more likely it is to end up on a hardcore band shirt. I believe this is due to that style of art being very cheap for the band to purchase, often from a young, inexperienced artist.

Perhaps it is partially due to a time paradox, where reality is actually being perceived by us humans as moving more rapidly in the present than ever before. My theory is that the second was actually slower in the 70s. An artist had more time to render detail; one could spend a night finishing a single epic piece of astounding art that would by today's time standards require weeks to complete as we speed down the time spiral ever faster to 2012.

NT. WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

I am at present working on the second edition of my book of illustrations. It includes an additional dozen pages of new and updated art never published until now. That should be complete and available soon. In addition I am completing all original animations and video for the new I Klatus songs. We perform with video behind us and I insist every new song have its own unique video, which dooms me to slavery of the video editing machine. I am currently working on T-shirt designs for Blackbird Clothing out of Chicago, as well as a couple of skateboard decks. More of that soon!

NT. ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

I find it is important to me, since there is no other profession on this planet that I am interested in being involved in. When you make art paramount and your survival is also essential, one usually adapts an appropriate plan. I can give no general tips. It must be inside you first and it will lead you if you listen.

NT. WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

Having to compromise a vision in order to satisfy a customer and their market. Everything else I usually just filter out. Having to meet deadlines. That is a mixed blessing.

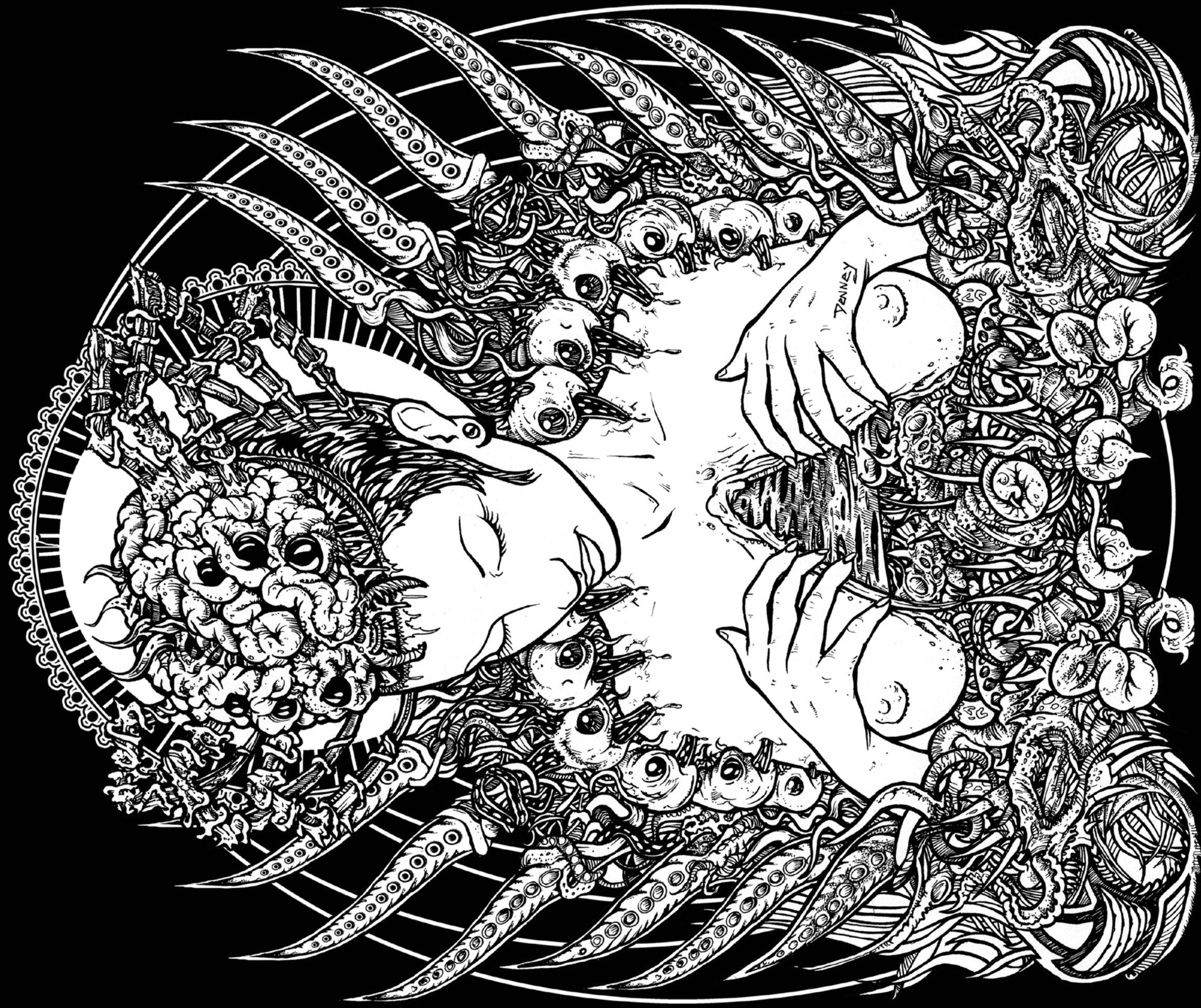
NT. WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

Having a finished product. I love seeing the final stages of production and how people react. I really like to hear that someone got turned on.

NT. GOOD ADVICE YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN TOLD EARLIER?

If someone would have told me, I might have missed out on one of my valuable experiences; learning on my own.







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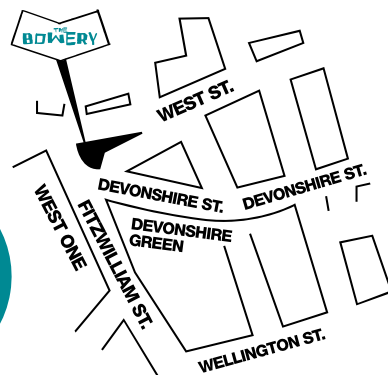
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REUNIONS.

BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO.

IMOGEN DECORDOVA.

Band make up sex seems to be less a passionate love fest and more a spiritual therapeutic session for the members to work over the repressed feelings they've had for the past fifteen years. Why can't they be like the rest of us, parting ways quietly and reminiscing privately when necessary?

It would be easy to target your Take That's or your Boyzones or your uni touring Vengaboys, but it's the more 'serious' artists I feel inclined to give a beating to, treating fans like some sort of fickle booty call.

First case study: Faith No More. Never in my wildest dreams (that's a lie I did once have a wild dream about seeing them live) could I have imagined Mr Mike 'Hitler' Patton pulling his ambitious little fingers out of the various musical pies he has them in to headline Download Festival with the ghosts of his past. Arousing even more suspicion and what reeks of bribery or lack of self esteem is the complete no show of new material. What exactly do they owe their fans? Because if it's a sense of immense guilt and reparation all bands feel they 'owe' fans new and old, some posthumous superstars will end up bankrupt and in minus credit.

"We said what we had to say and we fucking crawled off and died. What's the problem with that?" Indeed, well said...err Mike Patton.

If it's not the publicity that goes with each break up then it's the god damn publicity that goes with the inevitable reunion. The conviction they had in their voices as they scream and spit 'never again' in journalists and fans faces. Enter rubber faced Soundgarden frontman Chris Cornell: "It's something we don't feel we need to do." It's all clearly a patient long-term publicity stunt, a 'when shall we three witches meet again' style conspiracy to earn as much money as possible from future fans and the ones ripping their hair out and burning incense when they announce their final shows. These PR teams are sadistic in their practices and that is a fact.

So the view I present to you, the jury, could be diagnosed as a case of musical puritanitis...OBJECTION. Somewhere in the lapse of time, something is lost, something essential that can never be recaptured. These attempts to relive history are pretty vain and unnecessary, sentiments echoed by Ian MacKaye when asked about a Minor Threat reunion. The songs and performances reflect a period of time and capture an energy and excitement that has its glory and its place in the past. Anyway, nothing is ever as good as you remember it being. That's not to say a group or artist continuing to make decent music, evolving and pushing the boundaries of their own sound (to use as many music critic clichés as possible) should wither and die. No, for they shall prosper and prove exemplary to those that reunite.

Ultimately, they're dominating the music industry, saturating it with more of their insufferable shit which if it wasn't insufferably shit before it certainly will be now. You could blame All Tomorrow's Parties for the recent wave of reunions, but their Don't Look Back series (which sees bands perform an entire classic album that is no longer toured) is unique - Iggy and the Stooges performing Funhouse, Slint playing Good Morning Captain, Melvins doing Houdini and everyone creaming their pants at Pavement's return to the world. Though these are undoubtedly exciting prospects, it does feel like they've been defrosted after being cryogenically frozen. Rumour has it that Soundgarden are actually all dead and their performance features a stuffed taxidermy version of the band controlled by expert puppeteers, which would explain Chris Cornell's rubbery face (I'm sorry but it does look unusually easy to manipulate).

Thousands of artists still have a pulse but are doomed to be eclipsed by the news of a mythical hero from history returning from battle. They have no chance of headlining a major festival or gaining the sort of attention they deserve in the mainstream for another 25 years, until they themselves decide to have a reunion.

Despite the overwhelming cynicism and disappointment, I would still happily shell out 40 quid just to get the chance to watch a saggy version of my favourite zombified band waddle around an arena singing their 'hits'. I mean come on - it's not every day you're presented with an opportunity like THAT!

Oh wait, actually it is.



CHEW LIPS / PARTY HORSE.
GLISTENING PELT.
DEATH RAYS OF ARDILLA.

13TH FEBRUARY.
PENELOPES.

REVIEWER - FRASER BAYES.

DEATH RAYS OF ARDILLA ARE TIETZSCH-TYLER BROTHERS TOM AND NICK. THEY ECHO NICK CAVE AND ARE DRENCHED WITH PURPOSE, PLAYING WITH A RARE URGENCY THAT DEMANDS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. THE DRUMMER BOMBINATES AS THE GUITARIST SHIFTS THROUGH EXISTENTIAL STRATAS LIKE THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN BEEFHEART.

The drums mediate, differentiating as the guitar switches from laid-back conquistadorial style through to a powerful chord structure. The singing too is varied. Thomas Tietzsch-Tyler is an interchangeable front man and is notably supported by Nick who never misses a beat. However, the singing is let down by the acoustics in this oddly shaped room. Yet all this cannot mask a confident performance and again I am reminded of a latter day Nick Cave, as the sonic frequency shifts from fuzz drenched rock to hints of Spanish guitar and back to bellowing from the top of his lungs.

Glistening Pelt pay homage to 80s synth and they are dressed for it too. They are a pleasant band without ever going anywhere.

Party Horse are everyone’s favourite Sheffield-based Anglo-Dutch Electro pop act. Just after they begin, a chap at the front erupts into what can only be compared to deranged freestyle line dancing, or at least it did from where I was standing. The band are a two-piece guitar and synth outfit. Their Steve Irwin inspired song does not fuck about. It is a catchy song that makes the crowd around me begin to swagger and shake as the synth begins to perforate my being with an electronic joy that I have not felt for many moons. On this evidence Party Horse would be worthy of appearing on the French electro label Maison Kitsune, which showcases the hottest up and coming acts around and which next act Chew Lips feature on.

Electro pop darlings Chew Lips headlined and stole the show with an accomplished display. Birthday boy Alex was serenaded with the immortal Happy Birthday song and duly repaid their faith by breaking out into an entertaining dance which caused singer Tiggs to giggle and briefly break off cackling. Chew Lips proved why they are creating such a buzz with their recently released album Unicorn.

The theme for the night was soft porn/yacht rock and while plenty of people made the effort, the night was really let down by the tracks played between and after the live bands, which generally sounded like they were from adverts. There was the occasional classic thrown in, yet a night befitting such a strong live rostrum deserved much better.

DOUBLE NO NO/SIAN ALICE GROUP/
ESBEN AND THE WITCH.

10TH FEBRUARY.
THE HARLEY.

REVIEWER - ED WOOLLEY.

THE HARLEY IS DISPLAYING A RANGE OF MUSICAL TALENTS FROM ACROSS THE UK ON THIS CHILLY WINTER’S EVE.

Opening the show are Sheffield locals Double No No, who purvey a sort of primal blues. Their stripped-down sound underpinned by acoustic guitar and drums, all driven along by their blues chanteuse front woman; her silken vocal tone bringing to mind Cat Power and Alison Mosshart. They flit between shuffles and slower-burning, darker numbers throughout their set, but play everything adeptly. I’m looking forward to see this band again.

Sandwiched between the other acts in tonight’s bill are the Sian Alice Group. They come to the stage furtively and a general nervous tension fills the room with their initially awkward stage movements. But this all dissipates as they play. Their sound is ambient but retains an intensity. Circling keyboards riffs wash around pulsing drums and bass as ethereal vocals are laced across the top. It’s impossible not to be drawn in by these swells of sound and the sense of progression in the songs. Dynamics and texture ramp up intensity as songs progress. This is particularly well realised on ‘Close to Ground’, as delicate and detailed guitar and keyboard parts build around a repeated, descending bass line, the delicate, plaintive vocals defining the duende of the band’s music. I’m totally entranced by the performance.

There are strong parallels with Esben and the Witch - like the Sian Alice group their music has an otherworldly quality. However, it feels very much like a sonic fairytale. Vocals are used to unfold the narrative with guitar, electronics and percussion creating a freak folk infused soundtrack. There are moments where this coalesces brilliantly, but there are some misses as well. To be fair, playing after such a brilliant act has to be an unenviable task.

However, all of the bands on this bill manage to create a heady atmosphere with their music and I’m happy to breathe it all in deeply.

PLANET ZOGG.

12TH FEBRUARY.
THE PLUG.

REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

PLANET ZOGG, SHEFFIELD’S DOMINANT PROVIDERS OF PSYTRANCE TO THE NEON MASSES, DECIDED TO THROW A CIRCUS SPECIAL TO CELEBRATE THE ENTRY INTO VALENTINE’S WEEKEND. I WAS TOLD RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE...

Kicking things off were the FroZac DJs, who played possibly the most interesting set of the night. Despite being clearly rooted in psytrance, their set avoided the more obvious, teeth-clenching cliches of the genre and explored some of its more progressive corbers. Eschewing crunchy guitar riffs for more of the technical wizardry that gives psytrance credibility is to my mind always going to be a good thing, so I gave a hearty thumbs up to Sheffield’s newest psy outfit when they finished to make way for the circus acts...

Now, I consider myself to be reasonably open minded, and accept that Zogg is all about having fun, but to my mind the circus was a step too far. We were treated to gymnasts, hoop spinners and apparently a fire show in the outside area (I seem to have missed that), but in a night which relies so much on maintaining a constant flow of energy I found my levels of the stuff drop irreparably in the lull that occurred when people stopped dancing to watch the hour-long show. Perhaps I was less willing to accept it or (more likely) less inebriated than a great number of the crowd who seemed to enjoy it a lot. I guess a circus in a nightclub might just not be for me, and on the upside the Autechre tune that accompanied the opening act was the best piece of music played all night.

As the circus came to an end it was time for the Zogg residents to see things through with their trademark blend of all things hard and psychedelic. Greg Zogg was first up, rapidly shocking people back to the floor with a heady mix of acid, hard house and trance elements all making an impact on his set. Monster kept the room busy with high energy psytrance and it was still buzzing when Dil took to the decks at 4:45am.

I could quite easily find fault with a lot of the music played tonight, but that’s not really what Zogg is about. The garish psychedelia hanging from every vertical surface, the tea stands, the face painting and the openness of the crowd towards anyone who attends make this a special place and are reasons why, despite the Plug’s trendier nights, Zogg is the only regular night that has the place humming until 6. I ended the night in a group hug on a sofa. Resistance was futile.

FROZAC PSYCHEDELIC SPECIAL.

20TH FEBRUARY.
YELLOW ARCH STUDIOS.

REVIEWER - SEAN ADAMS.

FROZAC’S MIGHTY PARTY AT YELLOW ARCH STUDIOS ADDED TO THIS YEAR’S BATCH OF PEACE IN THE PARK FUNDRAISERS IN STYLE.

Fans of FroZac’s eclectic parties would have come expecting to hear tunes from all corners of the dance spectrum and would not have been disappointed. On offer were no less than four rooms playing everything from dub, ska and balkan house to psytrance and techno, two live bands and a café serving up late night treats and refreshments. The prospect of a party at Yellow Arch has always filled me with a certain amount of excitement and, fortunately, I was not going to be let down.

Skamel kicked things off in the live room with a barnstorming set of ska and rocksteady. They play with energy and skill and easily brought the crowd along for the ride. These guys are a seriously tight band that I can’t recommend enough and certainly my pick of the bunch tonight. Skamel were followed by seasoned party starters Jungle Lion, who delivered a rousing bunch of upbeat ska numbers that kept the dancers happy throughout their set. Although they play a lot of covers, they do so with panache and energy and are definitely a band to watch out for over the coming months.

In the UV-decked psychedelic room, Alchemy Record’s Sonic Species provided uptempo grooves well into the night, after which Planet Zogg’s Dil reminded Sheffield why he’s at the centre of the local psychedelic scene. Meanwhile, Swank and Jamz lead the way in the “knees up” room with some pounding Balkan flavours. As if all this wasn’t enough, dub and reggae fans were entertained by the mighty Sama Roots soundsystem in the fourth room downstairs. Although they were in the smallest room they remain one of the best soundsystems in Sheffield.

As I reclined in the treats and beats café at the end of the night, sipping on coffee and eating carrot cake and falafel, I found myself struggling to sum up such an eclectic night. Organising so many artists and punters at a night of this quality is no mean feat and FroZac have really stepped up to the challenge, setting the tone for a very merry run up to Peace in the Park whilst also exposing a real cross section of the great bands and DJs that Sheffield has to offer. And that, after all, is one of the reasons Peace in the Park is such a great feature on this city’s musical landscape. Hijinks all round!

SOUND.

KING CAPISCE. LOU RHODES.

PANTHA DU PRINCE. PRINS THOMAS.

KING CAPISCE. KING CAPISCE.

D.I.Y. MOTHERFUCKERS.

REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.



SHEFFIELD QUARTET KING CAPISCE HAVE BEEN ASTONISHING AUDIENCES FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS WITH THEIR HEADY BLEND OF POST ROCK, JAZZ, DUB AND PROG. NOW THEY HAVE EMERGED WITH AN ALBUM THAT DOES JUSTICE TO THEIR BIZARRE AND SOMETIMES UNSETTLING SOUND.

Swaggering opener 'Cheer Up Cyclops' throws us straight into the fray, with bassist Roshan Lal's unique style launching into progressive riffing that momentarily binds the whole band together. Then there's a sudden shift into Talking Heads-style hypnotic interplay of all the rhythmic elements, which saxophonist Rich Harrison dances over the top of with his unique timbre. The dynamism of this piece allows the band to demonstrate not only their technical talents (which all members have in abundance) but their musical sensitivity, a noticeable feature across the whole album. The drumming of Tom Ashfield at the end of the track provides a perfect example of the two in balance.

'Catastrophic Sex Music' again begins with a swagger, but soon empties out to make way for a dubbed out section, giving guitarist Tim Feben his first opportunity to demonstrate mastery over his rack of effects before the rest of the band subtly build things up again in heaving layers to a dramatic and unexpected finish. 'The Rift' starts somewhat slower, building up through repeating phrases in a more post rock style. The harmonic interplay between members is more spine chilling than tingling though - they manage to avoid the bland euphoria of lots of music in a similar style, replacing it with something indescribable and separate. 'The Sharp End' provides an exciting conclusion to the first section of the album with frenetic rhythms and lines dipping into discordance in a manner not dissimilar to King Crimson before an ambient interlude changes the mood nicely for the more delicate 'Diallelus'.

Here the post rock stylings of the band come to the fore once more, with patterns emerging out of overlaid guitar riffs and pedaling bass before the sax introduces haunting melodies gently, never becoming overbearing. The song then explodes into a funky cacophony, with restrained but firm bass underpinning the wild nature of the rest of the lines. The next piece explores similar territory from some hip hop beginnings, which arrive as a pleasant surprise after the eerie opening guitar phrase. The ending of this song is an enjoyable exercise in musical showmanship, with all members adopting a single, rapid melody which is punctuated perfectly by the beats. Tight.

Another sensitive ambient interlude leads us to the final track. This starts with a complex but unobtrusive piece of rhythm making from Ashfield as the rest of the band paint over the top, at first with held notes and then with gradually intensifying harmonic phrases, creating what is perhaps the most conventionally beautiful piece on the album, flush with the tonal sensibilities you might find in a delicate piece of avant garde jazz.

Evoking nostalgia through music that sounds alien to anything previous is a masterful feat, and Capisce pull it off with aplomb. Staggering.

All this talking does them no justice. Basically just buy this record.

King Capisce will launch their album at Penelope's with 7 Black Tentacles, Flamingo Love Parade and FroZac DJs on 27th March.

myspace.com/kingcapisce

LOU RHODES. ONE GOOD THING.

MOTION AUDIO RECORDS.

REVIEWER - LAMBERTUS PRENT.



LOU RHODES IS ONE HALF OF MANCHESTER ELECTRONICA DUO LAMB. ONE GOOD THING IS HER THIRD SOLO OFFERING SINCE THE BAND (KIND OF) SPLIT UP AND IS BY FAR HER MOST STRAIGHT UP TO DATE, THE FIRST RELEASE ON CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA'S NEW LABEL MOTION AUDIO.

The first thing that hits you about this release is that there is a great deal of head nodding to past greats. Rhodes herself acknowledges that most of the music she is inspired by "was recorded years ago" and One Good Thing is certainly a testament to this.

Vocally, she uses these tracks to chart the distance between the higher registers of Joni Mitchell and the gruff, Germanic tones of Nico (for a more contemporary comparison, see: Isobel Campbell or White Chalk-era PJ Harvey). Lyrically, she deals with loneliness, separation and coming through the other side with a new perspective on life ("All it takes is / One good thing / To happen."), all tinged with a kind of homely, calm-after-the-storm optimism and clarity that she makes her own.

The title track is her at her strongest and most endearing, backed up by joyous swells of cello and violin. The production, handled by Lamb other half Andy Barlow, is pretty solid throughout, but sounds particularly pristine here, with everything given space to breath.

Other times Rhodes comes dangerously close to a Quentin Tarantino level of pastiche and it is left up to the listener to define the difference between 'inspired by' and 'stolen from'. A case in point is 'There For The Taking'. The spectre of Nick Drake has no doubt got used to singer-songwriters 'borrowing' his material since the mid 80s, but this is literally the intro from 'Fruit Tree' repeated on a loop. It's another strong tune but only by association, because you feel a little bit cheated once the penny drops.

One Good Thing was clearly written at a very specific point in the singer's life and this does lend it a degree of continuity and flow, making it feel like one whole entity. But while classics like Drake's *Five Leaves Left* have that very same continuity, they also encompass dramatic changes of mood that One Good Thing just doesn't conjure up. It only has one gear, which can leave you frustrated or inspired, depending on mood, ambience and setting.

Despite its rural fingerpicked ditties and flowery string embellishments, this is in essence a sombre album - the kind that feels like its speaking to you after a messy breakup or a shit day at work.

PANTHA DU PRINCE. BLACK NOISE.

ROUGH TRADE.

REVIEWER - JACK SCOURFIELD.



SOME SCENARIOS SEEM TO HAVE THE PERFECT, READY-MADE SOUNDTRACK FOR THEM.

Music for ascending through the clouds as an aeroplane takes flight? A bit of Sigur Rós will make those three inches of Ryanair legroom feel like 100 acres of expansive freedom. Walking home alone at night through empty urban streets? Burial will make that flashing kebab shop sign in the distance seem like the Star of Bethlehem, albeit with better value burger deals than Jesus' own celestial guiding light. Need to mash a cactus repeatedly in to your ears as you sob uncontrollably with despair for the state of the music industry nowadays? Jedward's version of 'Ice Ice Baby' is now available in all good music stores and online outlets.

I've now discovered the perfect musical accompaniment for another situation: travelling on a train through snow-covered countryside can be made all the more magical when Pantha du Prince's new record *Black Noise* is gently floating down your ear canal. The German ambient techno producer's last album, 2007's *This Bliss*, recently found itself lodged firmly in the top end of many a 'Best Album of the Decade' list, and anticipation for a new full LP has been fervently growing since the release of two EPs in 2009.

And it does not disappoint. Pantha du Prince preserves the hypnotic, minimalist techno and contrast of light and dark that characterised *This Bliss* and makes his music so dreamlike. Listening to the album is like taking a walk through the kind of mountainous Bavarian forest depicted on the record's cover art. Opening with a chorus of melodic chiming, first track 'Lay in A Shimmer' glistens like a sunlit pool of fresh water on a woodland floor, and as further raindrops gradually cascade from the tree-tops and strike the pool, the hypnotic pulse of the record is established. Continuing the stroll through the untouched beauty of these musical surroundings, the deep and dark underlying bass that rhythmically pounds away is accompanied by more delicate melodies and chimes, which cut through the darkness like small beams of sunlight to enhance the sense of blissful isolation from the rest of the world.

Black Noise is an introspective, reflective record that lets the listener slip away in to their own head and escape the commotion of the outside world. However, even on the most absorbingly beautiful of solitary treks it can be nice to encounter signs of other human life, and on 'Stick To My Side' we're graced with the vocals of Animal Collective's Noah Lennox (aka Panda Bear), sounding like a trapped echo continuously reverberating around the forest, longing to break free and rejoin the human race.

This is a more than worthy follow-up to the seminal *This Bliss* and, so long as the world can manage to keep their ears relatively free of Jedward-induced cactus pulp, should already be a clear contender for best album of 2010.

PRINS THOMAS. PRINS THOMAS.

FULL PUPP.

REVIEWER - ALEX TURNER.



FOR EVIDENCE OF HOW MUSIC GENRES NEVER REALLY DIE ANY MORE, SEE DISCO.

Re-emerging through the late 90s in styles ranging from deep and noodly to rampant hi-NRG trash, killer mixtapes from the likes of I-F and reanimated electrofunk godhead Greg Wilson helped cement the form's renaissance, and it's stuck around ever since. Hit the capital and the stuff's everywhere, but even in the rugged South Yorks musical micro-climate you can find the likes of Solid State nurturing the flame.

Sitting near the top of the heap of retro-futurist glitterball aficionados are Norwegians Prins Thomas and longtime collaborator Hans-Paul Lindstrom. Purveyors of shimmering 'cosmic' disco characterised by live instrumentation, epically drawn-out tracks and liberal use of the effects rack, the pair have notched up a bulging CV of tracks and remixes, a brace of albums together and innumerable global DJ slots.

However, while Lindstrom has also been turning out his own LPs, Prins Thomas is a debut solo effort. The accompanying press-pack is painfully keen to big up the depth to which Thomas has been steeped in music since boyhood. This impressive odyssey takes in DJing by the age of 10, "flute and clarinet in a local marching band" and roles in assorted rock groups, prior to a period of studio lockdown forging the Nordic-disco sound with cronies Lindstrom and Todd Terje. The years of experience are noticeable in the production values on Prins Thomas, which is propelled over 7 lengthy tracks by pin-sharp loops of live percussion and a rich, supple low-end that connects like a massage. Keys and arpeggiated guitars ripple in and out on currents of electronic noise, creating an immersive hour-long listen.

Unlike Lindstrom's relatively poppy, structured recent work with vocalist Christabelle, here the handful of elements are left to their own devices and simply allowed to weave around one another for the 6-10 minute duration of each track. This approach lends opener 'Orkenvandring' a clean, minimalist punch as a series of proggy guitar figures ride a growling bassline and DFA-ish beat. Unfortunately, it also means that for short attention-spanned listeners, the first 40-odd minutes of the album may initially sail by almost unnoticed, until the organ stabs of "Walter Not Wendy" provide a welcome shot of dancefloor caffeine amid the soporific Krautrocky blend. However, it's unlikely that many will seek out Prins Thomas in the expectation of 3-minute pop nuggets, and after a few listens track identities begin to subtly assert themselves. The fantastically smacked-out "Slangemusikk" lurches through a swamp of woozy effects, while wordless vocals surface on "Nattonsket" alongside some affecting New Order chord progressions. Perhaps best of all is the loping centrepiece "Sauerkraut", which comes decorated by beautiful ringing guitar lines reminiscent of late Sonic Youth.

Inevitably, these highlights will probably sound at their best over a big system, soothing the jacked-to-within-an-inch-of-their-lives hardcore inside 7am sweatboxes. But if that's ever been you, or you're just partial to some insistent, indulgent grooves, you could do worse than checking this.



THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH IS A SWEDISH FOLK SINGER WHO DEFINITELY DOESN'T SOUND SWEDISH.

HIS SONGS ARE FULL OF IMAGES OF NATURE AND A SEEMINGLY EFFORTLESS LYRICISM BORNE OUT OF CAREFUL ANALYSIS OF FOLK TRADITIONS ACROSS THE WORLD, MOST NOTICEABLY THE AMERICAN VARIETY. POSSESSING THE RARE ABILITY TO BE PLAYFUL AND DEADLY SERIOUS IN THE SAME BREATH, HIS SONGS HAVE A TIMELESS, NOSTALGIC FEELING THAT CATCHES THE IMAGINATION AND PENETRATES THE BRAIN.

AT FIRST GLANCE THEY ARE SIMPLE AND PASTORAL; AT SECOND, TECHNICALLY STUNNING AND LITERARY; AT THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH ETC, LIKE A HIGHLY ADDICTIVE AURAL DRUG THAT KEEPS ON REELING YOU BACK IN FOR MORE.

FOLLOWING UP THE ASTOUNDING DEBUT **SHALLOW GRAVE**, THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH IS POISED TO RELEASE **THE WILD HUNT** ON APRIL 12TH.

TALLEST MAN ON EARTH.

SWEDISH FOLK MAESTRO WITH LIGHTNING FINGERS.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO AT THE MINUTE? HAVE YOU STARTED YOUR TOUR YET?

No, I'm still back home in Sweden, doing this...[laughs]. I'm going to France next weekend, just a festival there and then I go back home to do a show in Stockholm. Then I'm off to Europe, couple of weeks there. There are some more UK dates to be released soon but on a different leg of the tour. It won't be long, though.

THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST TOURS YOU'VE DONE SO FAR...

Yeah I think it must be. Of course, I'm excited about it. I did a lot of touring for *Shallow Grave* so it's nice to do some new songs along with the old ones. It's nice to have more material to mix it up a bit.

WHO INSPIRED YOU EARLY ON TO START WRITING BLUES AND FOLK?

Early on? Hard to guess. I listened to Bob Dylan when I was a kid and from there I found all these of old blues, folk and country artists. I was in punk and rock bands for a long time. That's what I did until I was in my 20s and then I started doing this.

DID YOU LEARN ELECTRIC GUITAR FIRST THEN?

Yeah I was better on electric at first, before I really dove into the acoustic guitar.

IT'S REALLY A DIFFERENT DISCIPLINE, ALMOST LIKE LEARNING A NEW INSTRUMENT...

Yeah, you could say that. I use mainly open guitar tunings - on the live show it's about seven or eight tracks with open tuning. My interest in playing this kind of music never really took off until I found out what those blues guys were doing re-tuning their guitars. I was also listening to a lot of Nick Drake at the time and when I found out you could just make up your own tunings on the guitar it made writing music exciting.

WHAT ABOUT WRITING IN ENGLISH? IS IT DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S YOUR SECOND LANGUAGE?

I couldn't really say. You start learning English really early on in Sweden. I listen mostly to music that is sung in English, I've read a lot of books written in English. When you are inspired by artists writing in English - old songs and new songs - it comes naturally.

SO DID YOU WRITE ANY FOLK SONGS IN SWEDISH BEFORE MOVING TO ENGLISH?

I did when I was, like, 16, but I'd rather not talk about them...[laughs]

HOW DID THE WRITING OF THE NEW ALBUM COME ABOUT?

I did it over a long period of time. It was a different experience this time because I was mostly touring (last year) and found myself in all kinds of different places. I wrote a song here and there and those were the ones that ended up on the album. I didn't record them in a chunk either, I just did them between tours when I was back home.

SO IT WAS RECORDED AT HOME IN A SIMILAR WAY TO *SHALLOW GRAVE* THEN?

Yeah, but I moved around a bit so the tracks were recorded in a few different home environments. I'm not a big fan of big, set up studios. I like to find good rooms and set up equipment there instead - where it's inspiring to play.

ON THE FIRST ALBUM ESPECIALLY IT SOUNDS LIKE SOME TRACKS WERE RECORDED WITH A SINGLE MIC AND THEY ALL HAVE A DIFFERENT TEXTURE.

That's true - on a lot of the songs it was just one microphone. On the new one I allowed myself to use a couple more because...well, it's a bit easier!

THE LAST TRACK ON THE NEW ALBUM, 'KIDS ON THE RUN', SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS RECORDED SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY AS WELL...

Actually it wasn't that different. It was recorded on the piano at my house. I just set up some mics and did it. It's the tape echo that makes it sound a bit weird.

THE WILD HUNT IS COMING OUT ON DEAD OCEANS NEXT MONTH. HOW DID YOU LINK UP WITH THEM?

They approached me on one of the tours in the States. There were some other labels involved, but Dead Oceans and [sister labels] Jagjaguwar and Secretly Canadian were my favourites from the start and I know some other artists on the labels, so I'm pretty stoked to be with them.

WHAT DOES INDEPENDENCE MEAN TO YOU AS AN ARTIST?

I'm not sure, because independence seems to mean different things to different people in different countries and scenes. I suppose it's when you get the opportunity to do the kind of music you want to do. Creative freedom. That's a really hard question, though!

WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER SIGNING TO A MAJOR LABEL?

If they gave me full creative freedom and the guys at that label were awesome, music-loving people then I could do it, but I don't see a big chance of that happening.

YOU DID A VERSION OF NICO'S 'THESE DAYS' ON LA BLOGOTÉQUE'S TAKE AWAY SHOWS. WHY DID YOU CHOOSE THAT SONG?

Simply because I love that song. It's just a really beautiful song. I grew up listening to Nico's *Chelsea Girl* and the Velvet Underground and 'These Days' stood out. It's so easy to play and so powerful.

YOU'VE DONE A FAIR AMOUNT OF COVERS IN THE STANDARD FOLK TRADITION. WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER COMMITTING ANY TO RECORD? BECAUSE I THINK THAT ONE WOULD WORK AMAZINGLY.

Yeah definitely, if the right opportunity came along. I've already recorded tons of covers that I don't know what to do with. We'll see.

WHICH CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS ARE YOU LISTENING TO AT THE MINUTE?

I love Bon Iver, but I suppose I have a special interest because [lead singer Justin Vernon] is a great friend. I've been listening to [Dead Oceans trio] Nurses a lot over the last couple of days. Also, Bill Callahan [of Smog], and in particular his album that came out last year, is something really special.

I CAN IMAGINE THE WILD HUNT IS GETTING YOU A LOT MORE INTEREST FROM PEOPLE LIKE ME...

[laughs] Yep! The last couple of days and next week as well. It's part of the job and as long as the questions are interesting I quite enjoy it. Sometimes they're not and you ask yourself why you're doing this. It can feel pretty far from the act of making music but it's a good sign when everyone wants to talk to you!

Listen to 'King of Spain' from *The Wild Hunt* here: tinyurl.com/yjcbqaa.

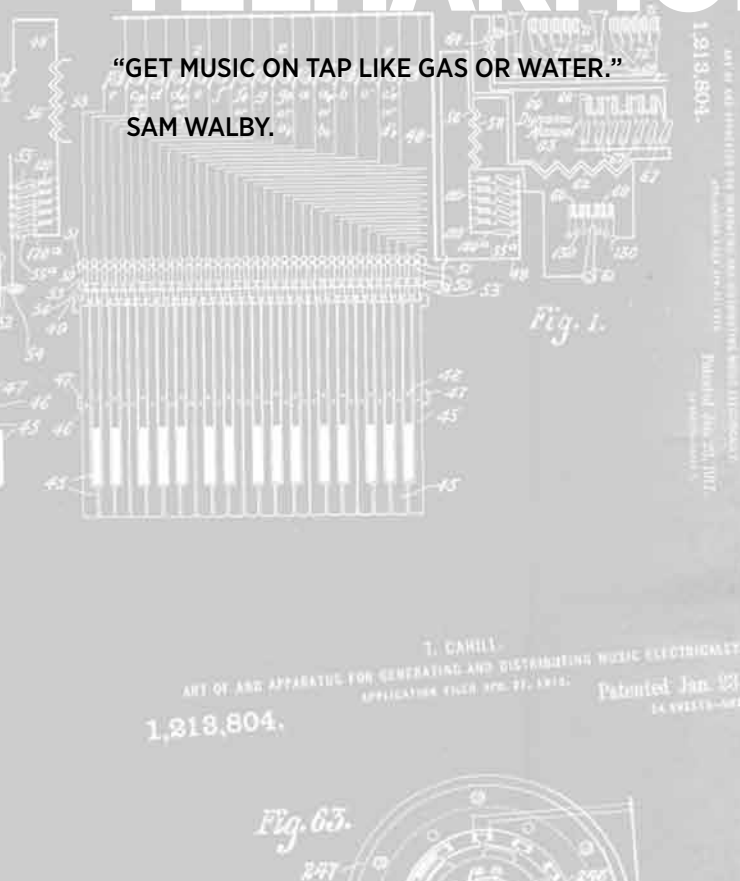
SAM WALBY
TALKING TO
THE TALLEST MAN ON EARTH.



TELHARMONY.

"GET MUSIC ON TAP LIKE GAS OR WATER."

SAM WALBY.



THADDEUS CAHILL WAS A DREAMER. NOT CONTENT WITH THE LAWYER'S LIFE HIS FAMILY HAD CHOSEN FOR HIM SINCE BIRTH IN A SLEEPY TOWN IN OHIO, THE ASPIRATIONAL YOUTH THREW HIMSELF INTO ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MUSIC AND INVENTION.

In 1900 he gave a demonstration of a prototype musical device he called the telharmonium, capable of producing sound from electricity. His potential investors were sceptical. Designers had tried to create electronic instruments before but always ended up adding electronically controlled mechanisms to existing instruments in what smacked of gimmickry. But the telharmonium was a bit different, because the sound it made was electronically generated. Put simply (a hard task), the instrument created sound through a complex series of 145 dynamos, which used specially designed shafts and inductors to create different audio frequencies. The notes were controlled by velocity sensitive keyboards and a big panel of knobs. Cahill called it 'synthesis'.

The big wig investors literally threw money at it. \$200,000, to be precise. Quite a lot of money in the olden days.

But despite the pioneering concept behind the machine, it would be wrong to say that Cahill's intentions were only aesthetic. The first models used acoustic horns constructed from old piano soundboards, but that wasn't enough. Eventually he came up with the crack pot idea of hooking the telharmonium up to the phone system, which would allow him to transmit audio to hotels and rich people's houses (for a fee, of course). They would connect their phones to a gramophone-style horn and he would pump electronically created music down the line, performed by two professional musicians in a basement somewhere.

He had the right idea - after all, his system pre-dated today's streamed internet media and webcasts by the best part of a century - but there was one key problem: the phone lines he rented from the New York Telephone Company carried such a strong audio signal that they interfered with other lines. Picture the scene - a couple of wealthy, well-spoken New Yorkers chatting away about how marvellous the new city subway is, or how expensive good caviar is these days, only to be interrupted by an eerie, otherworldly electronic rendition of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. They must have thought it was the second coming.

The first fully functional telharmonium took 50 people four years to build. It was 60ft long, weighed 200 tons and featured almost 2,000 electronic switches. An auditor who visited Cahill's telharmonium plant in Massachusetts in 1906 couldn't believe his ears when the instrument created such a convincing violin sound that he "felt sure he heard the bow gliding across the string". One journalist noted its "remarkably good" intonation, its "delicacy of expression" and its ability to create "musical timbres unknown" through new combinations of harmonics. He added the following laughably unimaginative prediction:

"Ultimately, perhaps, it will be possible to have music with breakfast and dinner, light music for the children, music for afternoon tea or for evening poker parties, and slumber songs at bedtime."

The first proper telharmonium concert took place in September 1906 at the Telharmonium Hall on Broadway (not before the behemoth machine was transported across the country in no less than 30 train carriages, mind). In its completed form, the telharmonium was capable of producing sine waves as low as 40Hz which, as fans of modern dance genres will know, is referred to these days as sub bass. The stuff that rattles your ribcage. The stuff you feel rather than hear. But all the fashionable rich sods were not inspired into crazy fits of dancing for three reasons. Firstly, technical difficulties on the night meant the bass was thinner than expected. Secondly, the demonstration featured traditional classical pieces like Handel's Largo that probably didn't involve such deep tones. Thirdly (and most importantly), the electric amplifier would not be invented for another 20 years. So even though the telharmonium was technically capable of plumbing the depths of human hearing, Cahill's makeshift horn amplification method was not up to the task of projecting the sound. Once again, our renegade hero was so far ahead he appeared to be behind.

Once the novelty wore off the telharmonium got less and less popular. Despite its versatility it was way too big to catch on, and in the 50s it was sold for scrap because no one wanted to buy it. There are no known recordings.

But its impact is so vast it can barely be mapped. Granted, it was only a matter of time until someone did it, but it paved the way for literally thousands of groundbreaking audio inventions. And all before the invention of the amp, for god's sake.

Thaddeus Cahill was a dreamer.

THE TWISTED SPOON

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By Stephanie Street

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Image: Stephanie Street by Craig Fleming



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THIS MONTH FEATURING THE ART OF TOM DENNEY // TOMDENNEY.COM



KUBRICK/BERGMAN: FINIS CORONAT OPUS. REVIEWER – JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

NOT MANY DIRECTORS CAN CONSCIOUSLY CHOOSE WHAT THEIR FINAL FILM WILL BE. LIKE IN MOST THINGS IN LIFE, WE ALL WANDER INTO NEW MATERIAL NOT REALLY KNOWING IF OUR FILMOGRAPHIES WILL IRREPARABLY CLOSE ON THAT NOTE.

This wasn't the case for the great master of cinema, Ingmar Bergman. Saraband (2003) had been conceived precisely as that: his farewell to the medium he so much enriched and unquestionably helped move forward as an art-form.

Considerably more open to interpretation, in this sense, is the earlier and sudden death of Stanley Kubrick straight after completing Eyes Wide Shut (1999). Yet the veil of uncertainty - what would've Kubrick made afterwards had he not died? - does not diminish in any way the relevance and coherence this last film has within his oeuvre.

In many ways, these two films cross over as they depict and dissect different stages of conjugal existence in the most measured fashion. Saraband revisits the main characters of the director's 1973 piece Scenes from a Marriage, thirty-odd years after their divorce. It touches upon quintessential Bergman themes and concerns, such as strained family relations and the proximity of death. But this being Bergman, the film raises itself above the constraints of a sequel.

Like in many of his other films, references to Bach are not just abundant but fully incorporated into the scenes, influencing its structure. The film flows like one of the composer's classical suites: rich in counterpoints, vivid in dynamic alternations. It's possibly one of the most lucid and 'alive' films ever to be made about the process of aging, by a filmmaker who had himself reached 'the end of the line'.

In fact, one of the most interesting aspects regarding its making is the fact that, despite its precision and rigorous attention to detail, the actors (and mainly Liv Ullmann, Bergman's former lover and most significant feminine presence in his films) often felt that the scenes being shot were 'not the whole film'.

This has to do with Saraband being so intrinsically part of Bergman's psyche that they knew that their performances were almost just interpretations in a multi-layered tapestry. All would come together, once the film was completed and 'lived a life of its own'...

Three years in the making, Eyes Wide Shut is also a piece that is completely impregnated by its director's existential anxieties. The meticulousness of Kubrick is palpable in every single frame and, with his renowned perfectionism, this outstanding film manages to reach the deepest levels of humanity. This qualifies as the main improvement in what is widely (and worthily) acknowledged as one of the most influential outputs in cinema history.

It could be said that Kubrick, at end of an already distinctive career, upgrades himself to Bergman.

Eyes Wide Shut is a much darker affair than Saraband, though. It concerns a stage in marital co-existence which, despite appearing established enough, has not fully evolved into mutual acceptance.

With that as a basis, the main character's crescendo journey is embellished with different elements that persistently equate sex and desire with danger and death.

It is no coincidence that featuring in one of the scenes that is most representative of this notion is the Bergmanian actress Marie Richardson. Sitting by her father's deathbed, she confesses her love to the troubled doctor and expresses the wish of wanting to 'at least live near him - even if never to see him again', an old-fashioned approach to yearning which not only refers directly to the film's literary source (Arthur Schnitzler's psychosexual Traumnovelle), but also highlights an honourable commitment in the illicit which the doctor's marriage is lacking altogether.

Although made by two directors that were culturally (and in so many other ways) apart from one another, these are two masterpieces that definitely belong in the same family of cinematic epiphanies.

Ingmar Bergman's Saraband is available on DVD from Tartan.
Eyes Wide Shut's Special Edition HD DVD is available from Warner Bros.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD – HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF MUSIC VIDEOS AND DOCUMENTARIES. // CAPTURAFILMES.BLOGSPOT.COM.



THREE COLOURS RED. (1994) DIRECTOR - KRZYSZTOF KIESLOWSKI. REVIEWER – OWEN COGAN.

RED IS THE FINAL FILM IN FILMMAKER KRZYSZTOF KIESLOWSKI'S THREE COLOURS TRILOGY. IT IS ALSO THE FINAL FILM OF HIS CAREER AND WIDELY REGARDED AS HIS MASTERPIECE.

Each of the films in the trilogy takes its name and theme from the colours of the French flag and their corresponding revolutionary principles. Thus the first film is entitled Blue and is themed around the concept of liberty, the second film entitled White is about equality and the third film Red revolves around the theme of fraternity or brotherhood.

Red tells the tale of a lonely fashion model who, distraught at the absence of her emotionally distant and paranoid lover, forms an unlikely relationship with a bitter ex-judge after accidentally running over his dog. The old man at first disgusts her with his bitterness, indifference and outrageous penchant for listening into his neighbours telephone calls, but over time the two come to realise that they are capable of understanding each other's suffering on a deep and intuitive level. The two enter into an intense but platonic relationship. Red is about fate, chance and the way lives both interconnect and run parallel to one another.

The activity of the human mind is the activity of trying to order and make sense of the world around it. In this way a film - as a work of art - is a work of consciousness, and thus an extreme, concentrated manipulated version of this activity. This film is about 'fraternity', it is about human interaction, communication, distance and closeness. It is an attempt by the filmmaker to explore and understand the way our lives interact with, rub up against, miss and envelop each other.

The film's characters and the film itself are both engaged in this contemplation and exploration. Valentine's old man is a character obsessed with observing the lives of others. He spends his time hiding from the world watching it for entertainment from a safe distance. He is miserable but amused by the way fate and chance play havoc with the lives of the people he spies on. He sees the world as a cruel mocking game until these same incomprehensible powers bring him into a redemptive relationship with Valentine. The film ends with the old man's hope and gratitude for the gift that chance has given him. He accepts his inability to judge or pin down existence. We as an audience are left a sensitively painted portrait of life and the in-orderable beauty of its phenomena. Kieslowski's film is a work of consciousness. Yet, it presents life and the way people's lives interact as something far too complex to be understood or organised by an act of consciousness. It is a film that promotes the idea that it is in this inability that the profundity of life lies.

ON THE WEB:

Ahead of its Special Edition DVD release, three short previews of the independent film Torpor Revisited are now available online. A must see for lovers of stark, atmospheric material. Visit -

[youtube.com/watch?v=ztYCVrN0cd8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ztYCVrN0cd8)

[youtube.com/watch?v=2pymEx5kxEg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2pymEx5kxEg)

[youtube.com/watch?v=hDr729wmyTI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hDr729wmyTI)

OUT NOW ON THE BIG SCREEN:

On the note of the forthcoming Filmreel on Remakes, we recommend Canadian director Atom Egoyan's Chloe, starring Julianne Moore. It's a remake/rework of the 2003 French film Nathalie..., in which a privileged woman hires a prostitute to test her husband's fidelity.

OUT ON DVD:

Another upcoming Filmreel will focus on small screen gems that transcend their medium. With that in mind, we highly recommend Mad Men: Season 3. The box set's extras contextualise the series in its political and historical period - 1963. A perfect addition to an ongoing show that flawlessly recreates an era.

ON THE BOOKSHELF:

A future piece to also feature in our Filmreel will be the essential and crucial contribution of editors in film - how they can so often rescue, enhance or simply enable the vision and original intention of a given film. Two fascinating explorations make, in this case, essential reading - 'Fine Cuts: The Art of European Film Editing' by Roger Crittenden. 'The Conversations: Walter Murch and the Art of Editing Film' by Michael Ondaatje.





NEW YORK DELI.

6 COMMONSIDE. WALKLEY.
07733 200406. THENEWYORKDELI.CO.UK

THE NEW YORK DELI HAS BEEN OPEN FOR JUST OVER A YEAR AND IS LOCATED AT THE BOTTOM OF COMMONSIDE ON THE WAY INTO WALKLEY, JUST DOWN FROM THE DRAM SHOP.

It was founded in November 2008 by Lee, a fully qualified chef of some 11 years experience who wanted to open a sandwich bar with a difference. The New York Deli was born and since then her sandwiches and bagels have proved very popular with the local student population. Lee is proud of the fact that his place is the only sandwich bar in the area to offer a variety of American treats such as a wide selection of tasty bagels, sweet pancakes and hotdogs, along with everyday hot and cold sandwiches served in subs, paninis and much more.

The deli serves fresh filter coffees, cappuccinos and lattes, with a selection of freshly baked muffins cakes & brownies. Also on offer are quirky American snacks such as Hershey & Reeses chocolate, tubs of marshmallow fluff, sour dough pretzels and Oreos. Old School.

The deli has a modern black and white decor with photos of New York City, available for purchase by the public and taken by Lee's partner James, a local designer and photographer.

Deals wise, check out their daily happy hour between 8.30am - 9.30am, where you receive a free tea or coffee with any large breakfast sub, or their meal deal offer. You can also take the opportunity to get a loyalty card and receive a free item.

New York Deli is available for hire for small parties and outdoor catering events. Enjoy!

ALT-SHEFFIELD.

ALTERNATIVE VIEWS ON THE REPUBLIC.
ALT-SHEFF.CO.UK

ALT SHEFFIELD HAS BEEN A STALWART SUPPORTER OF ALL THAT IS INDEPENDENT, FORWARD THINKING AND COMMUNITY BASED FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW. WE ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE THEM WRITING OUR LOCAL CHECK FOR THE FORESEEABLE AND WE THOUGHT WE'D TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO BLOW THE ALT SHEFF TRUMPET.

The site is an online based forum for community politics and events information, ranging from projects about education reform through to fair trade and D.I.Y. magazines, like Now Then. It also includes news on local activist groups, charities and the local points of reference for national campaigns such as NO2ID. We have always firmly believed that social change and progress is achieved through the work of individuals coming together and making it happen. Alt Sheff is a place to not only find out about those individuals, but also the place to post your own activities.

One of the great things about the Alt Sheff website is its Alternative Yellow Pages of independent businesses and community projects. If you want to support your local independents this is an invaluable resource.

A few highlights from the Alt Sheff videos section.

Sheffield Credit Unions:
fisy1.co.uk

There is an alternative to big nasty banks - smaller, friendlier credit unions. Owned by the members, for the members.

Sheffield Indy Media:
indymedia.org.uk/en/regions/sheffield

Does the news get you annoyed?

Indymedia websites worldwide give an independent view and Sheffield's got its own, like most cities. It's user-led, so get involved.

Sheffield Live, Community Radio Station:
sheffieldlive.org.uk

A genuine, live, community radio station broadcasting on FM, over the internet and even on podcasts, right from the city centre.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

THE NIGHT WORKS.

ACCESS SPACE. 3-7 SIDNEY ST.
GUYATKINSON.CO.UK / ACCESS-SPACE.ORG

Sheffield-based photographer Guy Atkinson has worked with local promoters and soundsystems, documenting various aspects of the city's underground club culture. The kind of thing you won't find at O2 Academy or Embrace.

The photos aim to convey the vibrancy and diversity within the scene, with many of the images focusing on people. He captures everything from enjoyment to exhaustion...

The Night Works opens at Access Space on Sidney Street on 5th March, with refreshments served between 5.30 and 8pm, and runs until 14th April.

PASTA BAR.

270 SHARROWVALE ROAD.
S11 8ZH.

This cosy little slice of no-nonsense Italian cuisine is nestled in next to the Post Office on Sharrow Vale Road and has had more word of mouth recommendations than any other restaurant I can remember. So naturally I toddled on down to see why. First off, its intimate and welcoming atmosphere immediately puts you at ease and the aromas of the food that hit you at the door are an indication of what's to come, as all the dishes on the menu (which are far from limited to pasta) are prepared fresh on site. I decided to conduct the acid test for any Italian restaurant and went for the staple Ragù al Forno with rustica pasta. It did not disappoint. Simple flavours working brilliantly together and a portion that required two sittings. I was a happy lad. Pop down on any Sunday for the 2-for-1 menu or the £4.99 lunches to give it a try. If you have a mum in Sheffield this place is a super safe bet for smiles on the 14th.

PENELOPE'S.

53-55 ARUNDEL GATE.
PENELOPES.INFO

Tucked away beside the Odeon, it has been said that Penelope's is one of Sheffield's hidden gems.

The live programme for March and beyond is as varied as it is extensive, including gigs with Goldsoul, Go Galleon, Chloe Jade Simmons, Jake Flowers, Nazdrove, (OK) and the Crazy Eights.

Local lads King Capisce are launching their debut album on 27th March. April sees the only English date on the cult Hunx and his Punx world tour and the debut album launch Digital Spin from new Sheffield underground label Forced Equilibrium.

The Violet May are launching something very special here on the 22nd May, but like Jonny tight lips - nobody's talking, so we'll have to wait and see.

Check out the full event listings at www.penelopes.info.

FAGANS.

BROAD LANE.
0114 272 8430.

If you're on the hunt for the perfect pint of Guinness head to Fagans on Broad Lane, you'll find it on the way down to West Bar. With plates of food the size of your chest and live folk music in the evenings, Fagans is the perfect recovery from the night before; as well as being the 'night before...'

Landlord Tom Boulding serves up great home-cooked food lunchtimes and early evenings before joining the folk sessions in the back room. Cooking with fresh food and seasonal ingredients the menu changes near daily, though the monstrosity sized all-day breakfast (£5) is a staple favourite. Expect quality food, quality music and life changing Guinness.

KINAARA.

261 STANIFORTH ROAD.
KINAARA.CO.UK / 0114 244 9199.

From the owners of the sterling Bilash comes a new venture in cuisine, the Kinaara restaurant.

Combining Thai, Indian and Chinese food as well as featuring the first 'Bangla Gramin' menu, Kinaara offers a unique meal at an affordable price. The restaurant is located only two minutes from Don Valley Stadium or you can get the tram to Woodburn tram stop, parking is also available aplenty. The 'all you can eat' buffet is perfect for large groups, student fill ups and families alike and includes discounts for under 10s, student card holders, and under 5s eat for free. Kinaara also caters for private functions and outside catering, so to make a reservation or inquire further about offers at Kinaara please contact Sharif Ahmed on the number above.

V.

AUTHOR - THOMAS PYNCHON.

This 1963 book takes you to sordid parties in New York attended by pseudo-bohemian drunks; shady rendezvous in Florence cafes; navy shore leave romps in Malta; alligator hunting under the streets of Manhattan; a seize/party in south-west Africa in 1922; a murder mystery in 19th century Egypt - all in search of the enigmatic V.

But who/what is V? A meandering, 450-page collection of red herrings and shaggy dog stories set over many years and featuring many strangely named characters comes up blank. I haven't spoiled it by telling you that. V is that kind of book. It's so dense it's got its own wiki site. Seriously.

Comical in a near-unique way and always intriguingly obscure, this is a stunning debut novel and a recommended read for fans of Joseph Heller's Catch-22 who want a bit more of a challenge.





END.

YOU HEARD.

4 THURSDAY

DQ: WEE BIT MEAN #1

DARKSTAR

HYETAL

RUDI ZYGADLO

10pm - 4am

£5 adv / £6 otd / £8 for pt1 and pt2

5 FRIDAY

DQ: BIGGER THAN BARRY

HOT CITY

JAYOU

KNICKERBOCKER COREY

MUSK MAN BENJI

10.30pm - till late

£5 advance tickets / more otd

6 SATURDAY

DQ: THREADS

FAT POPPADADDYS DJS

10.30pm - 3.30am

£3 b4 12 / £5 after

11 THURSDAY

DQ: WEE BIT MEAN #2

UNTOLD

JAMES BLAKE

10pm - 4am

£5 adv / £6 otd / £8 for pt1 and pt2

12 FRIDAY

DQ: CLUB PONY

BOMBO

STOPMAKINGME

STARSMITH

10pm - late

£5 adv / more otd

13 SATURDAY

DQ: THREADS

THREADS CLASSIC

NIGHT VS VIBES ALIVE

10.30pm - 3.30am

£3 b4 12 / £5 after

19 FRIDAY

DQ: SUCKERPUNCH

EVIL NINE

ANDY H

MR SHANKS

TIMMY DUTCH

10.30pm - late

£6 adv / more otd

20 SATURDAY

DQ: THREADS

DOORLY

BEAR SKILLZ

SANDY TURNBULL

10.30pm - 3.30am

£5 all night

26 FRIDAY

DQ: CLUB PONY VS KROOKED

2 FLOOR PARTY

RITON

ROSKA

10pm - late

£5 adv / more otd

27 SATURDAY

DQ: THREADS

YOUNG BLOOD

RESIDENTS PARTY

10.30pm - 3.30am

£3 b4 12 / £5 after



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